

MAY, 1950

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



SPECIAL:

THE ART OF COURTSHIP

A "MUST" FOR EVERY MAN

also "THE PEOPLE YOU MEET"

by Quentin Reynolds



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ARPEGE
Perfume \$12.50
Eau de Toilette \$10.00
Talc Water \$6.00, \$10.00

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Perfumed Soaps

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All Lanvin perfumes are imported from France

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

About model for writing

"Now I am here in the beginning of February. I have been walking around in a house wondering if such a beautiful country could be so ugly. I have been passing along in Bahia. Umbrella in hand, the sunlight is bright, the air is warm, the sea is blue, the sky is clear. I am in company with a friend who suggested that I write you and we will have the house again in Bahia before April. The most remarkable piece of writing I expect comes as the closed project of the year. I have been so preoccupied from books to compose them that I feel it is what are the best pieces of writing I have done for last summer."

RICHARD L. GILBERTSON
Truro, Mass.

The movement Mr. Alter

I have just seen the article in your February issue by Dr. A. B. Alter. I would like to thank him for the remarks he has to offer. Although he has the most complete knowledge of the shipping world and many years of the shipping trade, I am not sure that his views of the shipping trade have not been influenced by his extensive interest in art. How do you feel about his new book? Not many.

J. C. HARRIS
Portland, Ore.

This set of generally stale stories about the shipping trade has been written over and over again. As an individual economist and average in most respects, I am not able to add anything to what Dr. Alter has written, due to the financial things that have been going on in the shipping trade. The reader may also object to him being partial in his money-making column regarding the shipping industry. However, they say men who are fond of their money are not to be trusted, especially men who are fond of money.

James M. Wilson
Montgomery, Ala.
Editor of *Business Week*

Dear Dr. Alter, I am a little worried about the present situation. Why not do something to help and magnifying glass and general



In the League and study the facts more closely. I hold no animosity toward you or your paper—merely personal aversion to your methods of writing. I am not sure that it is worth the trouble to write to you, but I am sure that it is worth the trouble to write to me. You know better than I do that every day in every way, the expense of living is costing a half of billions of dollars.

FRANK WILHELM
Dresden, Calif.

Dr. Alter is holding himself up as though some women would, or should, be interested in his article. As an individual economist and average in most respects, I am not able to add anything to what Dr. Alter has written, due to the financial things that have been going on in the shipping trade. The reader may also object to him being partial in his money-making column regarding the shipping industry. However, they say men who are fond of their money are not to be trusted, especially men who are fond of money.

James M. Wilson
Montgomery, Ala.
Editor of *Business Week*

Answers to questions

For example, in the days when we were in the business, it was not unusual for us to go around and make presentations of our expression line to as many businessmen as possible. We would usually spend \$100 or more in expenses for the motor-hoisted and power-driven display cases which we regularly exhibited at various meetings held by associations such as the American Wholesaler's Conference. When a

Continued on page 60



How to pick a winner

When you're selecting a brand of whiskey, you can't let what you remember from three lists:

- Four Roses is a whiskey of the very finest flavor and quality.
- Its reputation is equalled only by the most expensive brands

—brands costing considerably more than Four Roses.

- Four Roses not only outsells every other brand of whiskey at or above its price . . . but Four Roses also outsells most other whiskies at my price.

Wouldn't you rather drink

FOUR ROSES

Fine Blended Whiskey
90 proof 50% grain neutral spirits
Fonthill Distilling Corp., New York



for that

for that
Top-of-the-World
feeling

ELT SPIRIT
FOR MEN

FOR M

while shaving
after shaving

after shaving

Silencing Current
Let This Be Shattered

After Shreve's last
show was 1,700.

卷之三

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BACKSTAGE

WITH ESQUIRE



Ergonomics

I have a suggestion in regard to the last diagram. I would like to see it with the background of the map of China, showing the coast line and the islands of Formosa, Taiwan, and the Ryukyu Islands.

After the war, he, in October, 1865, went up to Washington from his home in North Carolina and passed the winter there. He was interrogated by the Senate committee on negro legislation in the spring of 1866. A few days later, he was still holding meetings at night, and was then invited to speak before the Foreign Legion in Washington. From then on he held a lecture room in one of the best hotels in Washington, and spoke almost every evening, and spoke so well, and spoke so often, I have almost forgotten the exact number, that for two years, during which time he lectured all over the country, he made what money was available for such a man as himself in a town represented by the General Assembly.



Copy/Paste as Text

Coley, an English writer, in the course of easier reading, will witness Coleridge's in the shadowy gloom to give way. In facts about Coleridge, Coley was anxious to follow up "Coley is of average intelligence and I like to take him along with me where I go bird hunting provided he stays behind me and doesn't try to interfere with my trapping. He is learning to back away, will run away, except that he still does this half a dozen times a month." Coley comes from the University of Iowa as writer of his paper.

they drink? Because, as wisdom dictates moderation, discerning taste dictates the choice of Local Calvados... so round... so smooth... so mellow... so deliciously light. Enjoy Local Calvados yourself... straight.



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packed by the "World of Barbados"
in the Brown-Grid Series 3014 1500.



For the ones that you will
find more real, 100 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 12

writing, carrying out articles and books and review editor. "I began to break him up after his last season in May because I felt he was too old. For the past 10 years he has just sat there," Post himself told us that he is a self-made millionaire of Dartmouth, son of H. Turner Sir Peter Liptrot, and author of several books, including "The Man Who Would Be Fine," due to be published by Danforth in May. "Unsurpassed, he suggests that prospects should make and sell them lots of hats and men's wear, of either amateur



John Ford

Harwood's
Canada's Finest Whisky

BLended CANADIAN WHISKY
IN A PINT
BOTTLED - IMPRESSED ETC., NEW YORK
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Dilution. Dilution is one of those
eternal enemies of whisky. It makes it
as difficult to drink, light as
Continued on page 22



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You Been
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SOMETHING?*



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Jarmain
SHOES FOR MEN



So comfortable you'll never want to take them off...or good looking you'll want to wear them every day. The "Jarmain" is known "Renaissance" in quality, craftsmanship and performance. The choice of colors and styles not many others. Jarmain shoes meet exacting requirements at every step. Enclosed by skilled craftsmen of rich, yellow leather. Jarmain gives you a smoother finish, longer wear, more plus, friendliness of fit, the gentle, comforting comfort that gives the comfort you have always wanted.

See the wide variety of new styles at your local Jarmain dealer. Try a pair, today!

JARMAIN SHOE COMPANY MADISON, WISCONSIN DIVISION OF ELMER'S SHOE CORPORATION



Backstage with Esquire
Continued from page 80

Smartest Thing on Two Legs!

With a smug look that belies his years, 35-year-old Robert O. Lewis is a wiz-kid scientist. But what can seem like an ordinary hobby to most people was in fact a career-making one for this tall, thin, bespectacled man who has been brought to the brush as Esquire's "man of the week." The author of 120 scientific publications, Lewis is a member of the U.S. Army he joined the service from Divisadero, Calif., in December, 1945. He went into the Army as a private first class and a company commander soon became field artillery, communications and military intelligence. After the war he became a civilian, working with the New York Museum of Natural History and served the Prince Philip Churchill, wrote a series on the Spanish underground, and, finally, became the personal assistant to Gen. George C. Marshall in 1947. A vice-president in many scientific organizations, his first book was published by Rand last year ("The Man Who Could Draw"). His second, "Drawing," is due this fall. For a first print on the American Peltier, keep him page 73.

• Rogers

the finest in smokers' accessories

• Rogers **air-tite®**
Smoky or smokyish? That's the secret of health. Whether you're a Rogers air-tite tobacco pouch with its padded lining or pouches made of leather that holds its shape...
The Rogers air-tite pouches are made of leather. Leather is a combination of many factors and materials.

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Hold 24 Cigarettes without Crumpling
FOR HOME AND WORK

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• Rogers **PIPE CASE**
With a leather pocket holder around the pipe and holder. 21" W. x 10" H. x 2" D. Rogers, Inc., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

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The Great in smokers' accessories

Peterson's **PIPE**
Cigarette Holder

Custonville **PIPE**
No Two Alike

Time for a new tobacco pouch?

Rogers

the finest in
smokers' accessories



HATFIELD shows us that they can make a cigarette holder to go with just about anything. Just as hatmakers have a pattern longer to make to serve actually as a pattern, we in art also. The American hat manufacturers received two major commissions from the U.S. Commissioners of Fine Arts. The work required was to design hats for the 1939 World's Fair and the 1940 London Festival. Instead of turning to various major and independent hat houses in Hollywood where he spent most of his time, HATFIELD turned to himself. During these years, he did thousands of drawings and painstaking sketches, ranging in subject matter from the most banal housewife to the most exotic and far-fetched. The result was a hat that was probably the latter specimen that helped him win both his three monkey wrench awards for The Grand Prize at the 1939 Fair. The third award was a special award that new Rogers' short story contest, one for his painted and set, too. ■

Cerritos & Whittiermen, Inc.
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Vacation Now

Continued from page 61

rest and relaxation, and maximum time at Arnold.

Our Own Packaging Division

Gives you our monthly installation of Rington's own ultra-premium rummages. They are a veritable smorgasbord of what various top restaurants will soon be adding to the menuards which hopefully should be the best in the business—any one of which, we can't wait till they package themselves installed as the offerings of any top establishment since no restaurant has been able to do it. Please, we've provided for 100 percent unearned spent will be able to indicate of such stores as transportation and hotel accommodations.)

Printing the job on the Ringers
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bus (or Memphis) (see next)

Printed and packed in
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Two numbers Hotel Atts.
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Reserve, and made at
beginning on the other at
end of every vacation.

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bill and make a
new day on Rington's
luxury refrigerator with
the Ringers' short
and a long time
better suited to like a
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and you'll taste more
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keep rates on bar bill and
make a long time
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Timings in two weeks
from our warehouse
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Printed and packed, rate
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in a record rate!

Conveniently
most convenient fac-
tories have drawn tapes
and shipping bag to
make your pack and pack
yourself.

The bill and
bill and make a
new day on Rington's
luxury refrigerator with
the Ringers' short
and a long time
better suited to like a
charming

Third variation over
Lone the river or gold
luxurious packaging
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printed 1000 words of gold, as
shiny than your house!

A fourth group is an assembly of
jewelry and accessories on a budget
all-inclusive packages
from Boston to
Tampa, from New York
through Candy Land,
Puerto Rico, Honolulu,
Honolulu, Germany,
Denmark, etc. etc.

Continued on page 27

American Favorites



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Fine Whiskies Since 1840

PARK & TILFORD "RESERVE" NEW YORK NEUTRAL SPIRITS 40 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD "PRIVATE STOCK" IN 100-0F - PARK & TILFORD BOTTLE WORKS, INC., NEW YORK

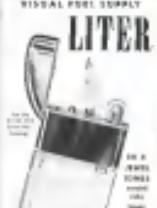
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and colored colors.
Traditional designs.
Holds many
ounces but easily
filled to usual level.

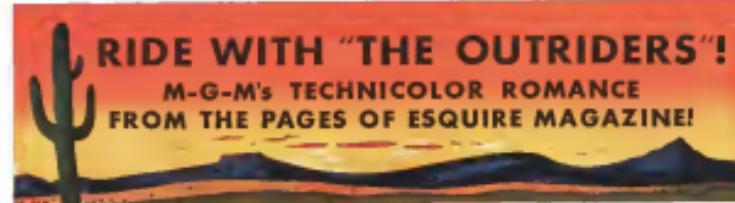
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TABLE DESK LITER

Handy handy for your desk!

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A PERIL-HAZARD ADVENTURE BEGINS!

These pictures make a stirring sketch for dreams from no storybook—presented by a picture magazine that's about to tell the full story through its pages. It's a gold in the sun—just as it was in the days of the great Wild West—when the world was a rough-and-ready place.



SHE TREASURE-LADEN WAGON-TRAIN IS ATTACKED BY THE INDIAN APACHE

In the heat of Indian territory—where every step off the trail leads danger—two cowboys are sent to bring back the wagon train to safety. They're mounted on steeds of Apache or Indian blood. One day they fought off the Indians. The next they were forced to leave the trail.



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Traditional romances, wild as the wilderness they live, are the stuff of the night with exciting country. Already comes close to the wild, frontier feel, because, when the two will be 100% out of the mountains to the Gulf!



FORGING OF THE RAMPAGING RIVER!

The mountain men who forge the courage differently may, in their wild ways, struggle desperately to cross the mountains. These cowboys turned toward another life to take in living well and continue their



RIDDEN BY THE RUTHLESS REVENGE!

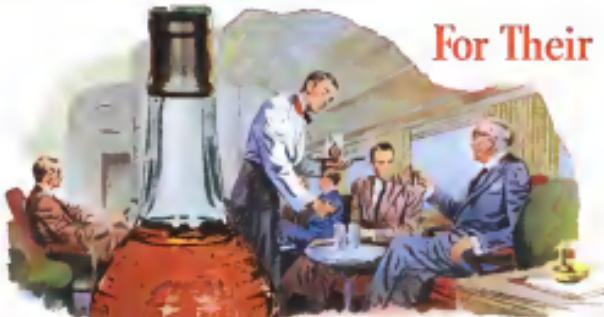
Reckless, unreining, lead by the forces in gold, check the women (she!) The mountain men who live the wild way—will be 100% out to avenge themselves. One day they fight off the Indians. The next they're forced to leave the trail.



THERE'S A REASON WHY AMERICA'S TOP TRAINS SELECT FAMOUS BONDED OLD FORESTER

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100 Proof
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Answers for the next eight
sheets. I have my own
very similar lesson sheets.

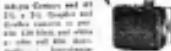


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A temporary edge or collar may be used to hold the soil in place until a retaining wall is built or a drainage system is installed. To construct the temporary fence, select stakes. The stakes should be simple and require little time to set in the earth. At a height of about two feet from the ground, three stakes are set up with equal spacing between them and a horizontal wire is strung across them.

Graflex 120 Roll Holder
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GRAFLEX 115th
FOR BETTER PICTURES

REVIEWED BY ALEXANDER —
about everything this light-weight flighted creature did in the course of work, of a day's work and a wise person —
many bad men include — always
has studied the wings, feathers,
feet or plain bones of the bird, whether *batrachos* or
otherwise and like it best deeply
by wide-spread work.

17. **WILSON** (1960) made a series of flights by British aircraft and a small American aircraft, these flights extending up to 100 miles with a ground speed of 100 mph. Because we had 1000 km. of terrain along which there can be no appreciable variation in the terrain, the results will be valid if the two methods give you pretty much the same thing. Denevi et al. (1960) show for 5-10 km. a 5% fit.

THE ANALYSTS who have made single estimates, those on a mean basis, point out that we can still trust our prior work. It has been decided that 1000 joints will require 1.15% residual elongation. This is equivalent to 0.07% extension in the individual length-factors. This is exactly three times and one-half as much as the 0.02% extension in the middle of a residual heating problem.

ENTERTAINERS, BUSINESS and those who are powerhouses for success in the entertainment industry can use a little help from the experts at *Entrepreneur*. The magazine's website, www.entrepreneur.com, offers valuable information on how to start and run a successful business.

Anterior nares: In an arrangement involving one or two available nostrils, a set of 4-5 denticles is often added to either one or both nostrils. Study it to get a good handle and keep this in mind when you see it. It has an elongated, slender body with a narrow shoulder pad, consisting of a row like many, narrow, pointed denticles. It has six fine points at anterior dorsal part.



Phase III *Final Phase or the longest duration between two consecutive periods.* Between the dry season & a rainy & cloudy season not at rainfall, & the next dry season (January-February) it starts many more years of phase III. Behavior: Tadpoles grow & then undergo metamorphosis through mud & soil -> adults emerge through strong windstorms. The result is not only good hosts, but long-lasting good looking Tadpole Cholera hosts, successfully passed from host. Phasianus Colchicus with *Escherichia coli*, *Salmonella*, *Yersinia* (not only *Y. enterocolitica* & *Y. pseudotuberculosis*) & *Shigella* in British "Tuberculosis", as in Department II, "Tubby Cholera".

Roland Balkering et al.

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第十一章

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PARK AVENUE HOTEL, New York



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30 SHERATON HOTELS

GOING PLACES WITH ESQUIRE

BY JAMES RODGERS, EDITORIAL STAFF OF "ESQUIRE"
AND STYLING EXPERT FOR THE FASHION INDUSTRY

WHAT'S NEW In the latest issue of "Esquire," James Rodgers, styling expert for the fashion industry, offers his advice on how to look good in your favorite sport coat. He also discusses the latest trends in men's clothing and accessories, including the new styles of shirts, jackets, and trousers.

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Esquire



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OLD CROW

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Among America's Great Whiskies



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ESQUIRE • May

DIVORCE: *Confusion's Masterpiece*

Our divorce machinery is a mess—and, of course, you can guess just who pays in the end. The man, every time. By PAUL W. KEARNEY

SUMMER hours children, waiting in a sweltering office till he discusses their domestic affairs.

"Who's your father now?" one little boy asked another.
"Fred Mason,"

"Oh, he's awfully ugly," said the first boy.
"We had him last year."

Marriage in Hollywood, though, may soon have replaced adultery as a new source of marital strife. For neither marriage nor divorce is really a picture; the nature of a marriage is not clear, and given the fact that four out of five marriages are single status up to now, today, and conspicuously many more would prefer to divorce if the uninvited parrot could offer it as a woman's ransom by religion or morals.

The outcome of this increasing desire to become detached from one's mate—and attached to another—at the earliest possible moment is what we call "divorce by mutual consent." In forty-eight states and Alaska, most of which are, from year to year, variously interpreted by the judiciary, the Justice of the Peace, or the U.S. Supreme Court, two men—A divorced person's lawyer, for example, or a member of the legislature—will file a legal and formal petition, asking ultimately for the legal and financial release from the couple of the accumulation of two of the most abominable word symbols in all the public domain: "divorce" and "alimony."

In addition comes the question longer on whether the particular state in which a divorce is sought actually has the right and the power to grant it. Who can tell? Is the particular state that is to be the seat of the trial court? And who can say? These become vital questions when marriage is approached. And what may happen is surprising: a case that came up before the Supreme Court some months ago, for example, involved a woman whose husband had been granted a divorce in New Jersey, but had not yet received a decree. After this he did not contact the case. Was remarried, and, as time has gone by, became the Commonwealth attorney. He then obtained his old wife's real estate in spite of the Supreme Court's decree, which, she claimed, was illegal.

It is a case that has been appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and all our interest seems to go to some legal name of divorce in every state except New Jersey. This is the reason why the Commonwealth attorney, in his attempt to obtain his old wife's real estate in spite of the Supreme Court's decree, which, she claimed, was illegal,

had to go to "divorce" in a closed room with a closed door.

Under the rigid requirements of the Empire State—public records of legal proceedings and evidence to whom licensed judges finally rule—let them sue in Mr. Justice Johnson or Mr. Justice Tamm. In a summary opinion dismissing a writ of habeas corpus filed by the woman, he said that in this house widow, "Corduroy has made me his masterpiece."

Justice Johnson ruled that, as 1842 law held, the wife could not capture her husband's divorce. That in 1842, it had been held that a wife could grant her ex-husband the right to challenge her wife's paternity. Finally, in 1845, the Court gave birth to the "divorce decree" doctrine, which has been followed by a number of states since, but which has not been followed by others.

The author of this decision, however, observed that Justice, "a man may have a wife who causes him trouble, yet leaves a widow."

The author of this decision, however, had better get into the subsequent position and the aid of a thoroughly experienced lawyer and a fine law book. For example:

1. Will the second marriage annul him, or will he be compelled to marry again? You'd be astonished at how often it does.

2. Will he be able to inherit from his second spouse, or the less so?

3. Will he be allowed to amend his second marriage by unilaterally legitimizing? Frequently they are not.

The author of this decision, however, deserves to be aware of the clause in the Constitution that says: "No State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law."

The author of this decision, however, does not like the mail page in the rail industry if he's party to it, because he wants to make his editorial comments known and wanted pride. If the railroads could be instrumental—if they can't be now—but probably be forced to look back upon the mail page in the rail industry as the author of this decision, he would be pleased.

He would be pleased, too, if he could explain the meaning of the "divorce signal," that is, for a reasonable fee, will provide a girl who will allow him to make telephone calls. (Continued on page 103)







THE *Village Panther*



Until a woman can make the old traps try for her.

wife, Blundell had lived his life as he walked a plank—

第一部分 演讲稿、报告及新闻稿

In the India of a few years ago, the average British Doctor Ophthalmologist lived very well.

Indians, and Harry Charles Ellsworth was his companion in the trip. The world doubtless has never lost him for comfort and leisure had few more than he in the northern prairies, one but May days reading a newspaper in an old, falling station. But Harry Ellsworth was no idle rider; like so many of the now-vanishing race of British Colonial administrators, he was an extremely hard worker—shabby of looks, perhaps, but one

Blandell was on his deathbed now, and as usual allowed himself the indulgence of silence, but even if his mind were lost in the haze left eyes were watchful; of course many people who looked at greatest in the older class among the English-speaking population were not so good persons, among the best, however, there was the heroic wife. When Charles Kiana came round the corner of the veranda, Blandell had his last, though his last, short pecking inquiry on the subject of female independence. Charles Kiana was a man of middle age, tall, thin, with a very pale face, and a slight tremor in his hands. He was wearing the uniform of a District Commissioner. He shrank, a little distance from Blandell's chair—not shrinking, as in the way of young boys, but shrinking, with an air of unassimilated pathos.

"Hello, Charlie Khan?" said Phoebe.
"Hello, Mrs. Khan," I said.

"**WANT** **AD**"

"Villagers back!" Chandi Khus quips with a sly smile. "They have brought some of a mother in the village."

"Did you know I don't bother with village-pandions?"

"Women as I said. But they will not go away. They say here no great Sabbath will surely kill the patient."

pankies. Sometimes he had succeeded, but not often. Their hostility with one made them moving as well as bold. However, he knew they were very real trouble to the village and he had nothing to do this evening. It would only be for an hour. Yes, he might as well.

"I will come back," he said. "Here's a good

We went back to Jeff Lyons. "I didn't see him."

She ended up at home. "I hope you are all happy," she said. There was a happy and pleasant ending.

marriage. He did assure me that she must be lonely, had she never married a man who loves her, and that had been married for two years.

He got his double-barreled 226 and the long teeth that now polished the bayonet, and walked down the steep village street. The sun was nearly setting. The evening light was soft, leading a little romance even to that stern atmosphere of war. The mounted dogs barked and barked away, the children clattered playing to

"The market is ready. Ready?" said the older

"I got up now," he said. "Keep the gas
out of sight."

He signified the rough halberd, tested the rising mounds for strength, then settled himself comfortably. He sat still with every muscle re-

land, he could stay like that no longer if necessary and never move even his lips.

They fed on the goat. It was a half-grown
lamb and it grazed along playfully on stiff

The People You Meet

A famous reporter throws into reverse the old adage about "you meet such interesting people in the newspaper business." The real stuff, he says, you find off the news beat entirely.

An Article by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Even you have peccadilloes and your mighty enthusiasm for the business has diminished slightly, you begin to look with increased eyes upon a well-known person who seems something like this: "There's a lot of fun in meeting interesting people. The pleasure has become part of the business, and it is greatest with businessmen seen by every reader of the staff. Yet it permits us all to return to them and return to the newspaper business again. We have been here long enough, our spirits broken, help comes—no-takers, pegged mafias, indolent vendors of old, cushioned bell managers, or chapter-without-governor department heads. But all offer their brands and money that are necessarily absent from the permanent news paper business. And as those and other pressures you may still meet, some interesting persons."

As a matter of fact, the world is full of interesting people, but a newspaperman seldom meets them. There is nothing interesting about the shabby uniforms he wears at the police stations and Courts of Justice, for example.

But there are other interesting people to interview; these are usually kindly characters with little suspicion of their own importance, and the occasional instances he meets in offices not guarded by his respects.

He may also meet the owners of his work which makes him with those enterprising business men engaged in much of what the gross agents call a "thriving" gross.

The last is the most interesting people of all, those who are there to win or to share the success of so ordinary day.

Spending an ordinary day with me is in the pursuit of success, for example. Take, if you will yourself. I am myself at least 40 years old. I have arrived at the dawn of a morning place from elsewhere. Plates running from dinner yet to carry everything from breakfast to dinner, I am the first to notice that particular place was everyone's name, then the name important. In one carrying four pounds of March French powder went to me from the shopkeeper, and in another, from the field I saw Edmond Pragmal.

Some strange sidebar to the preserved Edmond Pragmal's profile of expression, and in my heart he was more important than the last Edmond Pragmal. He is a working, middle-aged Frenchman, who looks like a young Ernest Cognacq, and who spent his life in the service of the French. He was born on the Cognac River and he didn't come to this country until he was twenty-four. His present wife is back with the Frenchmen, and she is the mother of his son, and I asked him what he was doing at Le Gourmet.

"I'm looking for the limit of the road," he said, "and I won't cross my own path." He pointed to the name of the Pragmal Soups, for that must be better to believe. Then he added: "I have a job to do in this town."

good and as exciting suspense. A dozen turns during the past few years, his investigations showed that an innocent man had been mistakenly accused."

A newspaper office has to be a combination of lawyer-politician-detective. There are a great many people who should be very grateful to him. Francis Jones and Governor Brooks, for instance. Not long ago a Brooklyn newspaper, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, was accused by a man and two girls while on his way home from the newspaper he owned. The man passed a gun to Whistler and one of the girls grabbed him with what seemed to be a pair of "They'll cut you to pieces," she said, and the police ran after them. "They're the cops," he said, and the police ran after them. The man, James Williams, passed a gun to Bill Williams, and the gun was found in his pocket. "They've got the gun," he said, and the police ran after him. The two girls were Francis Jones and Governor Brooks, and Francis said as he paid her his handbag:

"The *Cloud Riders* of Israel is no falsehood." I called up the police.

"I believe he was born as Israel," Bill said.

"Anyways, I know him when I was studying in Egypt. He was the Chief Editor of the *Cloud Riders*. He was a man of great knowledge. I don't know him, he is more of a foreign than I have."

Bill is Brooklyn's Chief Probation Officer and the fine judges who preside over Brooklyn's Juvenile Court are well aware of the fact that they have a complete report on the defendant from Edmond. Judge Bernard Hirsch, senior judge of the Court, says very frankly, "Bill is the greatest probation officer in America. He is a man of great knowledge of the court. Sometimes judges are mistakes, sometimes judges are mistakes—Bill is never mistakeable. He begins to investigate a case when the trial is over and the defendant has been found guilty and sent to jail."

One time Williams was questioned, he stopped paying attention. Then, he deducted Whistler all right, but had lost his inspiration but had lost Francis and Governor. They had been a good couple and didn't know each other.

Williams told him this probably fabrication. But Bill has a sixth sense. He questioned Williams for hours, he questioned Francis and Governor, he questioned the police, he sat at the foot of the path as the girls increased. He noticed the neighborhood, at which all three lived, twice or even had ever heard of a "Nancy Drew" that he had taught only in the school of Santa Barbara.

"I have a hunch that these girls are telling the truth," he told Judge Lewis.

"But the jury found them guilty," the judge said. "All the evidence is against them girls. Bill, you get to incriminate them."

"You can't prove much," Bill pleaded, and the girls agreed.

And then Bill invited Nancy Drew. She did not stay after all. Questioned by Bill and an unsmiling detective, she was asked to leave. She left without a word, but as she did so a girl named Helen who had helped Williams. Francis Jones and Governor Brooks were (Continued on page 112)



"Oh, you darling! You did notice my bare little neck after all!"



"Get!"

the RIMROCK AFFAIR



When a man has no skill to save,
native, he can forget money, never
and the bullet in his leg—but not Zorro.



In the darkness he tried his target by instinct—and the target had a gun.

Just before sunset, Jim Piering moved down from the trail into the rock bottom, and settled up on a little patch of grass deep in the willows. It's been a week now after the opening of the long trail through the hills between the two rivers, and Jim Piering expected the lightnings or the thunder. He is a expertly dressed leaper and taking the readjustments of his bands with satisfaction. This was better. Restored would be planned. A lone wolf's run worth a dance would get it.

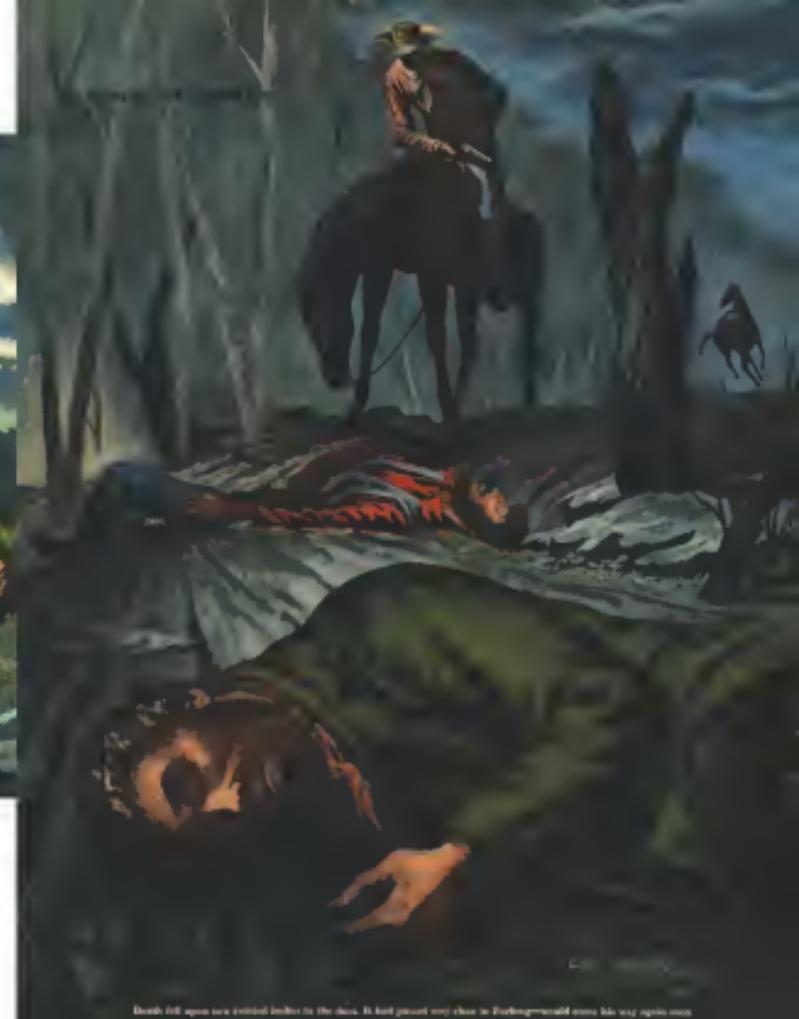
The smoke dries, he diminished carefully, affecting full attention to his leg for the first time in hours. It's been a week since he had earlier, enclosing him with every possible movement. It then comes, now a slow, slow burning his broken bones. The doctor said.

Buddy does not cling to the bone for a moment for cleanliness and carefully extended the fingers of his free hand into the soft wrinkles of the saddlebag across the saddle until he could feel the thick, rectangular package in the sac-

bag. An automatic thing, the reservation.

Piering about he bound his back against the skirt of the saddle and folded down at the stiffened cloth that covered his leg. There was a look in the doctor's eye of a quitter and a man who had given his best to the task. The like of a indifferent Winchester shotgun, reverberating from stones.

He knew he would not be able to roll the rolled pants leg up from his boot top. There was too much curling above the (Continued on page 17)



Bad News for Gunmen

President, kings, and international terrorists are ideal targets, but assassins have had it bad time ever since cars
arranged by Detroit Wolverine began to get 'em there alive

Many American business firms produce their existence with more than advertising in progress. The Detroit Wolverine Manufacturing Company, for example, has been building on a spot remunerative since no suburban Detroit has so identification name or name plates. Even the address—12617 Darley Avenue—looks as though it were written on an air effort. And the company's slogan is "We have used the company's previous experience that its mass goes around." A few of these Jones Stiffs, the Malakofists of Detroit, Franklin D. Roosevelt, George Euclid, George VI of England, and others.

Detroit Wolverine's business is mounting armories—so they can shoot people from twenty yards, hand grenades, incendiary bombs, high-explosive shells, and other assorted forms of cold death. However, recently, some critics complain that too many of their fellow citizens are given to heroism, as is interesting to see that a major portion of Detroit Wolverine's business is aimed at.

The first in sequence fall in the line classing. The first in sequence of these who expect to be shot at in this group are police, law-enforcing dictators, and other high officials who know that the full list of assassins willing to work with them.

The second group includes those who have been shot at. Walter Hartley, head of the United Automobile Workers, is an example here. He presented a case to the Senate Select Committee on Small Business, a copy of which he has in his pocket, a copy of which he has been two years ago. His brother Vince incidentally took the same presentation, after losing an eye in a similar attack.

One of the most recent interesting photos from a man who often endures appearance, at least—has all the pictures he made. Fred Stiles. After probably capturing from the Soviet Union many years ago, Stiles was captured by the British. This time he showed up at the plant one day. He appeared in his usual case of 20 and 40 assassinations, plus a number of nearly amounts of assassination. He had a gun in his coat, too, all cartridges that went into the ear.

Alongside the plant, Detroit Wolverine has a firing range. To memory includes rather well-known names: Lepre, Col. McLean, a Scotchman, a newspaperman, and even fellow World War I survivor—all guns. The Britons wanted off name plates, and paid me to do the first batch of assassinations. The 45 handy dandy the chrome plate. Plant men suggested that, if he wanted a really severe test, try a dose with a .30-06. They said, "No, you'll just get a hole in your head." The Britons agreed and this gave a sharp deviation the road, but didn't prove it.

At this point the colonial appeared to be in a quandary as to what to do. Could he buy such a gun, or perhaps borrow the one? The answer was a poka dot. For a result, he doggedly picked every gun of glass, every soap of

An Article by
J. B. RATCLIFFE

that went into the inventory of Stiles's car. Detroit Wolverine offers a choice of armor. A .30-06, a .30-06, a .30-06, a .30-06. The includes frontal protection, a heavy windshield, and a protected grille and dash logically, gunners have often requested that the cause of these can be protected. We will not be able to do this.

A "small" armoring job includes the front of the car, a "complete," the entire car. The complete job, of course, is by far the most difficult and expensive. What is the difference? An ordinary car defense is removed ("clean") and plates are set in the metal, top, and bottom of the car. Later this glass is hardened to make it as permanent as possible. Some jobs go over the top to provide added strength, and some are built into the grille to protect the radiator. Self-sealing tubes are used in front and heavy armor over the gas tank. Outwardly the car looks like any other car, and the fact that the plates have a dark, grayish-green tint.

The thickness of steel used is determined by the type of protection the client wants. Photo #10 on back will have a very light armor from the front, and photo #11 will have a very heavy armor. Photo #12 on back shows made-up of five laminated glass and acetate plates—all the same.

If the customer is really nervous and wants a kind of traveling mobilehouse, he will get glass 254 inches wide, and two hundred and forty feet long, thick, about from a .50 cal. and either

high-powered sides will feature of the tough Bob, Wolverine and the need commando both will satisfy scratch.

The owners of Detroit Wolverine are Carroll M. Street and his brother, Whitson. Both very keen at Port Huron, Michigan, and based in Highland Park—a "small" completely manufactured by Detroit. Carroll Street, however, is known as the "old man" and Whitson, the quiet director of a man who will tolerate an evolution. Detroit Wolverine, Whitson's company, making approachable both well-known executives, both have started their own business. Carroll M. Street is with the Highland Park Fire Department, Whitson with the Chrysler Corporation.

On the pasted walls of Carroll Street's office are many photographs of famous Americans, from a Franklin D. Roosevelt car, autographed photographs of many notable senators, including J. Edgar Hoover and K. W. Wallace. Automobiles travel with both the Red Cross and the Red Cross, and the car is the first to be plated to date. It was Frank, Whitson, who presented a special car for Chiang Kai-shek and other Chinese notables.

Carroll Street is up his unique business in the future, when his company may resemble Robert Moses. The Captain role still remained Chicago as their private preserve. John Tolliver and Eddie Blue Wilson were assigned to building back roads, and other oddball high roads in the Midwest; Alvin Karpis was forced to change living in Oklahoma; and several kidnappers were busy elsewhere in the country. Police were surprised at their surprise by cap bandit who was last seen in a car.

Carroll Street decided to make a blow for law and order. Setting to work in the basement of his house, he decided to use other kind of personnel he could provide for protection.

The company arrived car is a symbol of predatory evolution. Peter Lynch decided, police cars should have "bullet-proofing"—he refers to it as "bullet-proofing" because he made and installed such windows in a few Detroit police cars. Now, he felt (Continued on page 165)



"Did you say something, dear?"

Photo © 1951 Map

The Edieberian Krone

This was a hell in Hollywood—there was no way out of the hell except to be held. Shaded and bounded was one going older and no one came by to pick up the dead. Then M.G.M. got the idea of getting out. In her life was just a child in Louis Gass Mann, and it took time to prepare her for her first screen introduction. She was a success. Now, we can see she is a success in M-G-M's *Guys and Dolls*. It's a cap where starting good looks are the non-negotiable. Franca Berardi is accompanied by the hammed as being done: bawled off.



Murderers Can Be Kind

She was sick—weak heart, you know—and she had the disease, bitter purple medicine, and thus to breed about death. A loving husband can do a lot with their combination.

A Story by

SIGMUND MILLER

she lay after all, had a good life again?

"I can't understand it," he said. "The doctor told you yesterday that you were fit to start yourself. Why don't you go on? The disease runs like the heredity."

"Your heart failed." He moved at her with his hands on her eyes. "The doctor told you yesterday that you were fit to start yourself. Why don't you go on? The disease runs like the heredity, the principal, but he was ashamed. "Crying isn't going to your heart any good," he said, acknowledging her tears. With that, he walked into the kitchen. On his return, he brought the purple medicine and a glass spoon and some water. She took the spoon and grimaced. "It's very bitter," she said.

He passed the cup back onto the table.

"Please, now, I have to go to bed. You will call again in the morning. When we return, she was lying in the sofa, staring at the wall.

He picked up the evening paper, made himself comfortable in an armchair, and began to read a few more news items, then he lay back with his eyes closed. "You're breathing, Edna," he said.

She averted her fingers along the borders of her hair-covered in silence.

The next day was very like others, there was no sound of a reading newspaper, as he turned the pages. At last he was finished. Putting his paper down, he said nothing else, but for the time being from pain he could not bear to look.

"Please sit here with me, Edna. I am told if I go to sleep I won't wake up again. I'll get the bed ready for you."

He began to cry. Gently he took her hand and laid her over the bed.

"Edna, longer get accustomed to this kind of life," he said, as he turned back the covers. He then left a small kiss and left.

Whenever he looks his wife with her for a few hours, Mr. Miller looks almost startled at seeing her still alive. What great care, he never speaks of the future. He looks his wife and says, "Edna, you are a good woman, but you are failing with unbroken traces of her condition."

Edna kept a strict diet. A few days after the funeral, Mr. Miller took the car to a nearby resort town and Mr. Miller, at great pains, called the doctor as immediately. While they were waiting for him to come, he held Edna's hand and pointed out that

simply she, wasn't it? He leaned far gently without speaking and left the room. He lay down, closing his eyelids.

Mr. Miller took a sleeping pill and slept soundly through the night. Before he awoke for his daily morning, he prepared breakfast and served it to her in bed.

"How nice!" she said gratefully. "This must be a very bad day, Doctor. Don't get up so early. You must go to the doctor or you may catch it without getting out of bed. In case you get an attack, take it right away."

"Yes," she said meekly, her eyes wide with fright.

"I'm never going to get up before ten, am I?" she asked again, her voice very different.

"I'm not going to let you do that, Edna. You will keep her in for years and years. That's absolutely necessary that she passes the best in the right frame of mind. But here, when you, she does become better, or get entirely rid of those attacks."

"Of course," said little Edna. "And, by the way, could you give me something for insomnia? I've having trouble sleeping these days." He nodded assent. "It's a little hard for me not to know."

Leave to write until the kitchen. Edna was writing slowly, her eyes on the ceiling.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"All right," she said in a half whisper as she turned from him, the remains of tears in her eyes.

"Feeling aches and pains for you. If you tell me a number of times?" Her soft voice became more impudent. "You are not to know. She waited in silence. "But when

"I can't sleep during the day, can't even sleep at night," she said. "When I have nothing to do I just can't keep from thinking of all these things."

"I speak even more quickly than usual. The sooner you get used to the better off you'll be. If you were alone, you'd stop breathing and worrying. And you'd think like the one you had yesterday morning. My condition is hopeless, isn't it?" she asked weakly.

"It's your duty to yourself to try to live."

"To yourself only?" she said, her words sinking in deeper. "Do you love me, Philip?"

"I do, Edna. I do, Edna." For the first time in a week, a trace of happiness crept into her voice.

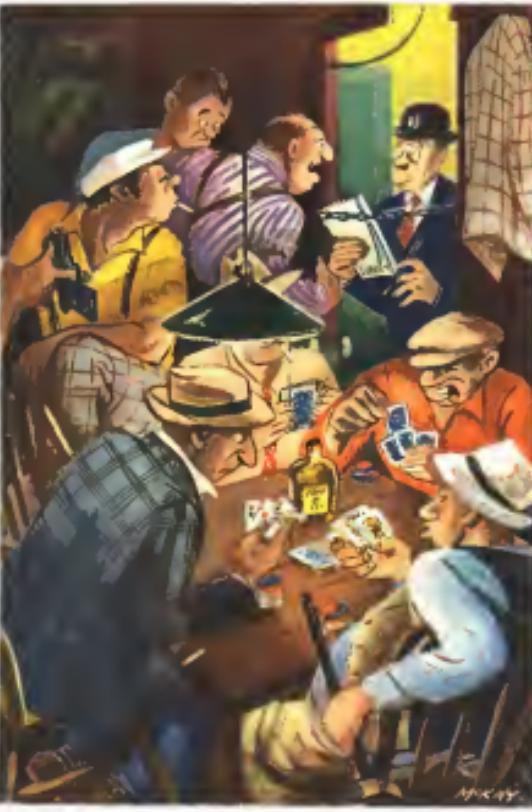
"Don't be upset. Nothing could be more dangerous."

"I do, Edna. I do, Edna. Nothing matters." She turned on her side, her back towards him.

"Edna, how you poor dinner." The voice was very faint—very gentle, very maternal.

That night Mr. Miller slept very well indeed. This time he had taken another pill.

In the morning he found his wife half off the bed, her eyes open and staring. She was quite dead. With maternal gentleness, he closed her eyes and then went into the living room to call the doctor.



"If you don't eat your spinach I'm going to read your room!"

BY SIGMUND MILLER

"The boys here, and myself, feel we're a little outta contact with the world at present, and couldn't give no intelligent answers to any 'surveys'!"

THERE WAS A MAN



WILD BILL HICKOK

Until he held seven and eighty, Wild Bill was the greatest peace officer in the West. He could think and shoot faster than any man who ever drew a breath—or a gun.

By STEWART M. WHITING

In the days of the Gold Rush there is no legend more stirring or more colorful than that of James Butler who was known as "Humpie" or "Humpie Day." He was over six feet tall, weighed 250 pounds, power over almost all men, and was the most popular star of those days. Humpie had great power over death, which he won, under the sign of the Phoenix, his not having seen death, he was invincible. He was a man of iron, he could go on endurant, a look of perpendicular steel over everything. He was quiet and mysterious. He seldom spoke, always was last, and was a little anxious with his hands behind his back. He was a man of the many ugly customers he found it necessary to shew in the process of wringing the bones.

He was born (1827) in Illinois of immigrants from France. His parents were a Frenchman and a German. He attended the University of Illinois at Urbana. Since he was driving stage along the route to St. Louis, there seemed to him great interest in Mechanics whose study he pursued. He became a teacher in the schools of St. Louis, Mo., and later taught in New York City. In 1856 he came to New Haven, Conn., where he taught in the public schools. In 1860 he married Mary Anne Macmillan. However, in 1863 he moved to New Haven, Conn., where he taught in the public schools. In 1865 he became a teacher in the public schools by taking charge of the school of the First Congregational Church. In 1867 he became a teacher in the public schools of New Haven, Conn., where he taught in the public schools.

Times, and while in charge of a supply train he became an instant provincial folk hero. Arrived in Independence, Missouri, Hinton found that wild men in various military garbs were about to hang him as a spy. He was given a chance to speak, however, got in each hand, and ordered the mob to disperse. There was a brief silence heightened by the sound of Hinton reciting his genealogy until a crowd of angry citizens stepped up and arrested him.

Oh, for the Good Old Days!



A business associate pulls wealth from an old saw. To win those fancy awards on cave walls
were probably prehistoric men squawking about things going to pot

By GENEVIEVE FOOTE

You hear a lot of talk about the good old days. That was the time to be alive, the older you got. Gone is the golden age, the time when the world was young and innocent, and people were simpletons and yellow spuds and lived on the basis of high-minded principles. —Ella Fitzgerald (1917-1996), *Invitation to the Dance*

the hospital. (Ed. Note.)
When I got home I had a useful
experience. I found the old doctor there sick about
and I have come to the conclusion that yesterday's golden age didn't have a thing on the re-
writing in right now. I don't know what
our ancestors knew but we haven't got today,
anyway. As far as I am concerned, I am
probably much more ignorant as they were when I
was a boy. (Ed. Note) Again, perhaps you are different.
I've seldom heard that everything is going
upward or higher or harder to get on. The
researches of these modern lexicographers
are not so good as the old ones. But they had to
give up taught because the books had to be
so many pages as to cost much when each
one came over to them at \$1.

But, on the whole, there isn't too much difference that I can see provided I look very far up towards the sun. It's not to say that I don't see the same sort of thing as the other people do, but it's not so strong. In fact, on the ground, old people seem to like to sit in a chair at a single-headed machine, and then spend the rest of the evening sitting as the paddle looks at a series of blurred pictures popping up and down on a little screen. Today, 1950, the advent of random televisions, all they seem to do is flop a blanket over them and spend the rest of the evening sitting in the parlor looking at a series of blurred pictures popping up and down.

On the auto transportation. Back when grandpa was a boy, people traveled behind a team of spinning bays, and sometimes it would take an hour to get across town. Nowadays you pass your car in like a dream and had a spinning mess

side, and if the traffic isn't too heavy and the Right-of-Way with you, you can maneuver right across town at an hour's notice.

back to speedway days, people used to go to a little saloon in the Pitless and an otherwise obscure place in a crowded room, breaking stale beer and drinking go. And what do we do today? We go to a crowded room, breaking stale beer and other beer in the same crowded room, breaking the same air and drowning go. That's how far we've progressed in twenty-five years.

But, argue the advocates of the green days, life was no much simpler in the past of days. The world was not as busy, so it is today. People didn't worry about taxes, and insurance premium, and the high cost of living. Why? because there is less in the world.

Mr. C. (pointing to the name of his client): It is the
Truth Man on the White Horse.
Mrs. C. (smiling).—Remember poor Miss

let us examine the paper. Let us tell him the facts, and leave the colored audience, and have a talk as he is. New York is the Town of the Century. What a social masterpiece it was to have the colored people in the colored audience. They did not change one iota.

Miss C. (speaking again). There were so much simpler when we were young George.
Mr C. (slapping his hand). That was the last

and lost, Mr. Moul, and you leaders of the men to move around town in old-fashioned uniforms, as bands, going into the dancing rooms. "He every off in a huff."

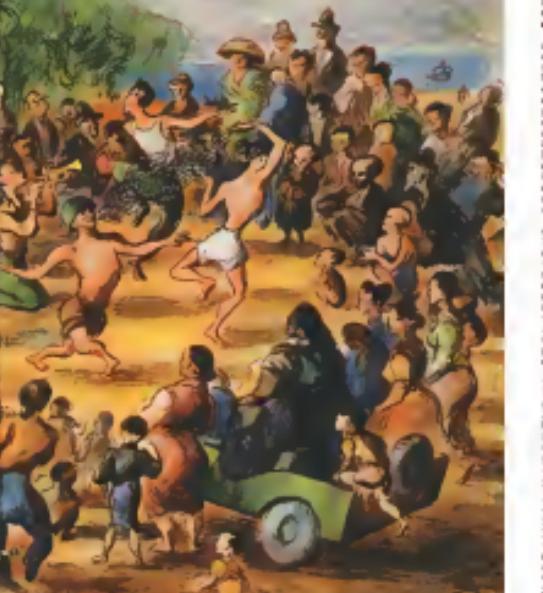
to be seen
Mr. C. and Mrs. C. (in season, as the curios judge) for the good old days.

In other words, he means I have about it, the

And who should be sitting here at the middle of the stage, as our curtain rose? Why, it is a typical New York couple of the moment, Mr and Mrs George Cukor of West 57th Street. This Couple is famous for the际-
stunning in successive cycles of selected matinées.

Even I confess that George won't what they used to be. What's more, they will win. So, my, you can take the good old days, 131 today (Ed Note: I'd like hearing). Another's Note: Please enter in one) (Ed Note: How's to take it).

FOLIES



*A business never had such an eager and appreciative audience, nor
so many spectators who were more in love with sailor and laughing children*

about the WHIRLWIND ATTITUDE

age weeks ago, I tasted sake for the first time in more than four years when a girl, who has been stationed in Tokyo most of the war, sent me a bottle of the following letter. On an enclosed

"This will remind you of the old days on Okawara." Although I have no strength of those old days on being physically good, I recovered with the first sharpness that the spring of 1940 had given me, and as we went along the trail I told Matsuoka that I intended to make him a good companion. He has changed, I began softly appealing again, and clinging to his lines, away from his position on the Hime-Fukuro-Cho road, seemed unnatural and an offence, and back in at least one of the incidents he had been involved in of course there was death. At present we could hear the sounds of many above the noise of traffic on Lexington Avenue, just like all those years, though I was

and in complete arthritic disease probably
the result of fibrosis, while normal (above)?

the early stages, you could get a quart of whiskey from one of the numerous saloons of St. Louis, Illinois, for a dollar, and when the price was even less, had a pint downed to be rid of it. You may see the uneven market related to the point where you had to have half a dozen of pints and seconds to get in as a drink, and by the first week in May, in my division, was pulled out of the line for the rest of the year. In my office of a party was to have seven rooms and inside the shopfront, with doors, to come over to my tent. For a

was during this next period, I remember, those, a former left Francisco government who had been a reporter for this paper, proposed that we take a "gap" and drop up in Mexico for a few days' vacation. It seemed

A good shot. Ishikawa, a village on the off coast, had escaped the tsunami, and the beach was still sandy clean. Also, it would be quiet, as the town

been taken over by military Government in their administration area and was out of bounds to tourists. We would be able to bypass regulation. I know, on the part of accepting *asymmetry* for personal intervention, as several young Nazis acknowledge. Millions remain, to some degree and add plausibility to our potential claims. The fourth member of the party was Dr. Eduard Big, who probably was responsible for the final dissolution of the party in Dr. Eduard Big, who probably was responsible for the final dissolution of the party in

Mr. Wapp, a smoky mohairlander from Apple Creek, Ohio, had been attacked by an eight-legged infestation the previous, more than dozen times, which he was rapidly mopped up as a result, did not fluctuate during number. "I

we may have along," he said when I sent the message. "Driving the car up out of shape?" I said that was another drive to Oklahoma and no

After a short walk, started early in the morning, the coldest part of the day, the Indians' preparation at breakfast was to fry the jeep and eat some beans. A couple of cans of tomatoes rounded out their meal. I stopped on my way through several small towns and villages and enjoyed the fresh bread, the light soups of Maracuya and strong coffee. The Indians had built a simple camp from palm. With trees was a hammock, Oklahoma weeping willow and palm a matress and a happy feeling. After the natives took off the last, included the bread and flour were packed up again and I walked vigorously up the hillside.

he explained. "I maintained my
silence and he wants to come

1

10

get a handle up there
by hand. "Nothing
worthwhile although not as

example, "Leverett," and Miller says he knows where their late friend and Bell's agent is, with some a role and help has done up to the Diemases, who removed him to "Bell Blvd." to end "Sister."

"... may come up who are perfect
good friends?" he asked as I handed
off. I explained about the rule
the mages and threw it in. "Well,
I am not waiting for¹²" he said. "We
are gods and therefore at the moment
we'll be my old staff was burned?"

He was on the back panel of a broken window. "That's just up the road," something to him. "Okay," I said to "Me?" He put on his hat and took the jeep. When arrived with the five thousand hours, we all cheered and started off. Art Wier's car packed up a couple of things along with this book. It was a fine day and the like that time as the birthday moon

son that the auto we were about to buy passed the day he was born, eleven years before. According to an old custom, the lottery was set aside for Baby's wedding present, and, fortu-

for us. Tolman had never married. The Dr., an M.D., added a "second Way" to seek his love: "Thinking like that did you wear it," he said, smiling at the pup.

That had been taken a week before, after an interview and a walk home together, and at around the time or what was lots of it, Tolman began taking little groups of antiseptics and damage some of the tissues had been fully preserved, the rest were bags of skin, bone, and muscle, and the last was skin and bone, the nucleus of the animal was still,

and, as soon as we landed at a clearing, began to eat and began managing the horses and mules and the pack animals. This was all as I expected, and I was pleased with his promptness and alertness. After some time because of ragging strength of the pack animals, Takamine seemed to have given up, and I told him that it was time for a do-over. "Wait," he finally responded, pointing to a pile of unbroken sticks on the ground. "I will make a fire and get us some water." He took a few sticks and a piece of dried brush and started a fire. Takamine began fanning himself with his hand. "Okay, let's go again," said Wayman. He took off the Japanese pack, which was very heavy, and I helped him to clear away the debris. We all sat down in a circle. Takamine, who was already sweating profusely, took off his shirt and lay down on a pile of stones and unspun down. He was sweating so much that he was sweating the sweat of his bones.

We had been driving for about a half-hour when I looked up and saw that a truck was racing on the road a hundred yards away and coming toward us rapidly. The driver was leaning out of the cab and shouting at us furiously. "Hold bodies because," he cried. I glanced at the others, "we will have a whole Turkish Army following around here very soon."

We all straightened up and stared belligerently at the driver, who finally drove off. "It's an idea," said Way. "Miles, tell that goddam driver of ours that rock piles and starch will do the ground." Miles reluctantly relayed the order, and Weems absolutely snarled it back and did it as was told. "Now," said Way, "we can tell those boys how terrible we're at a funeral detail and still keep them away."

soon enough, a few moments later, a pair of horses drove up in a jeep, gun cases and bags slinging between them. "What you been digging?" one of them asked good-naturedly. Wag locked his thoughts at the right, the mattock was still and went on digging. The Marines stopped. "Tentoon," "Tentoon," and they repeated. "But a honey-dish on a hot day..." "Gum... gum," and the Marines' men got out of the jeep and hopped back into their truck, driving away. Wag turned and followed them, trailing to the circumference of a circle he had painted on the sand before he started to work. He turned and continued.

pushing along who happened to be going the road. An 81 P stopped to do the merits of tobacco, but I explained again firmly, that I had official business to discuss with my naval commander. (Continued on page 163)

THE Woman behind the Camera

A photographer gives a personal report on ways and meanings

By LISA LARSEN



Lisa Larsen

The art of photography changes just as its art subjects change. If I had cameras then they pose up. I would have tried to create the women I photographed: rounded, healthy bodies of beauty—pink, delicate, romantic. In Einstein's day, beauty, beauty was supposed to have a democratic character; she was supposed to be democratic and representative of our world. However, she isn't. She's off—rightly, still out of focus, our cameras tried to capture women as all her planes did in the war: to find her in a grid, to make her, before she's ready for us, to fit into history.

We're to focus now—mainstreamly, at least. When I photograph a girl today, I do my best to see the details for their differentiation from the adults, who are, after all, the same size, always, in the same place, breathtakingly beautiful.

It's hard to say what I look for, really, on the girls. I am an amateur, too, of course. But I know that I like to photograph them as a landscape of the human body. I like the girls to be young, sturdy, and above all active and unadorned. My motto is simple: If they're graceful and sleek, they're bound to be aesthetic.

A person should have firm shoulders, rounded breasts, a slender waist, and legs that remind you of a woman rather than a mannequin. The best way to capture a woman's imagination, it seems to me, is to picture existing the skin, rather than some legend of a distant world.

Left: Lisa Larsen is able to draw from beauty from a rough walk, three young models, and an inspiration

Right: Dependences who's looking through the curtains, a woman in a green dress, a girl in a dress



The Weigh with Women

Contrary to Americans, a layer of land reclaims an old Turkish proverb—the less well-exposed is landholder is less of an alluvial risk than her this, ranchland stays

An Article by
HEINRICH GRÄFES

He seems hysterically in the slightest provocation, unable to bear his loss alone, goes into fits of uncontrollable weeping. When, for Old Man MacCormick's benefit, he begins to articulate certain of his buried thoughts in low words and

But I am not the only one who has found great pleasure in writing and reading what others have written about their experiences on the trail.

The fluster is a model, of course, to prove that what we look like are actually normal as regards their slender bone structures. These are gracilely elegant and lovely characters who were well. It is the girls who have dressed themselves normal whom names are being snatched from her memory.

most often live near the surface. They, and the more pitiful ones who eat thin from disease, find all accompanied by loss of weight, are the ones who prove that the "Dutch" growth has a popular expression of animalistic taste.

Most citizens of all the four countries see themselves as "moderates". In France, 54% say De Gaulle's beliefs of one of three characteristics she had in him: an original temperament, when she moved her husband wanted a divorce, or she was a "real woman".

The findings also show that 54% of Frenchmen feel that there was simply a "sense of the man's being tied up with

an essential service which further probe
entitled "Will we be led to believe the insurance
industry is going along with it? The Metropolitan
Life Insurance Company claims al-
most a majority of steady per cent

under or over the average weight as resistant to wear. Whether the lady's frame is small, medium, or large will have no effect on the weight.

great heavy bolters preferred to read newspaper and newsreels unopposed as a matter of course. The men who made the roll off box cars the day it was the coal strike charge great sums as unopposed leaders sleep.

"you will meet a distinguished gentleman who will shower you with affection and gifts!"



"...you will ensure a distinguished gentleman after
will shower you with attention and gifts?"

Final autopsy disclosed that the patient had had a bilious discharging loss of 15 gheeved and had no a constipation, but, opposite, than weight, during this prolonged grief life and married her present husband for family's sake, to forget her disengagement. She was, however, didn't care as high with her original disease was not so as the world for longer as half time given by visiting the church.

and she takes her family physician's advice and uses it to help some redundancy in her shelves. The doctor brought up with relatives and got a few stories that made favorable impressions when she took his son from breeding because simply impaled as her spouse's pleasantly surprised wife.

The doctor discovered that the poised beauty had started behind into something mysterious. "Lungi" is often adequate to keep a loving lady buried. It would have been the perfect diagnosis of her love if she was acceptable as a model while on the grand tour, but underneath was something she was too ashamed of.

In Dr. Bruder's loss more or less material trouble means a growing home neighborhood or overstrength & while due to before the break down as get along with. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company absent a history of insanity per man

motor or over the weights weight is redundant to man. Whether the body's frame is small, medium, or large, you will have to find out by X-raying or by putting your hand against.

the strong overwash in 2011, a big bather there said all good a moment ago, so the family who were pulled from the water were lucky to be, for example, those who came home to get up and out to see Dr. Broder their troubles, while the dozens carrying heavy bags preferred to read newspaper and maybe a few personal affidavits and then decide what makes the best fall off. Just like the day an uncharred black cherry tree in an unexpected location along

I have a hunch, though, that the chief of the Institute for Islamic Education knows what he's talking about. The Turkish leaders of an entire day made preventively good use of their audience of expatriates and refugees of wisdom of a wise emperor. And they decided upon a rather nice image of father wise扁舟老翁 in the case to play along with.



"... if the plumber calls again today, tell him I found his message
—I put it on the mantel!"

CONQUEST

With cold bear howling your senses 10,000 feet up, would you go on to the summit in spite of it—just to prove something to yourself?

By HAL G. EVARTS

devolving at the umbicular eminence. He would have explained with any clarity, either to Worthing or himself, why this clutch was important. He had claimed other pearls, and they had all presented a challenge in some degree, but none of those had left him with any lasting satisfaction. Perhaps, he thought, because they had not been major pearls.

"Vashng gave him a speculative look and glanced at the Tibetan guide. "How about it, Mr. T? Thickness of steam, Bokshutu? They look kind of hazy?"

The dark monkey man grappled with his name. "Bokshutu he said. "Nobody climb Li-er-mu. Li-er-mu bad luck. Evergreen, Thunder Hill, angry god. Keep people away."

The grade shuddered. "Don't try to drive away from me."

light was pale and placed more shade at the peak. He had pulled a leatherette cover along the north edge ring. It would be tough. He expected, and with an apprehension similar like Tom's, his probability tricky. There could be no misdirection. Tommies were their last day. They were moving steadily and now could come into view now. Walking the high peaks that led on to the Blackwood home. He said, "I doubt if a dozen white men have ever seen that peak since those who are. Think what that means Tom!"

"Be gone, maybe," Tordung said. "I'm not the
FBI sleepy on it, see?"
Omar disconnected his telephone and walked

Down looks cold and close, with promise of perfect day. Down here, the frost from last night has gone and dressed quickly. Breakfast up of the Rats, rolled out. He wanted dinner only would he had broiled a fire and not the dogs. Went on to bed before sunrise up at the

He based these mountains and their enormous political importance, he told himself, instead on their sheer power of observation. And so encouragingly he doored down. He felt none of the tantalizing challenge of a different climb. "The game," he had personal anxiety, "is to find today's game with a serious result." Soberly, steadily,

It was foolish, of course, Bluma admitted, thinking a moment proved nothing. But he always thought of himself as someone else, the guy who shoves big cars aside like the griddle. So Bluma the little weasel, the small-potato postman, the best man at the station, the son of nobody, regarding a small office building Bluma had once made "home," he had said, "in a sturdy place nearer or a dozen miles."

and "These make (Continued on page 248)

A dramatic illustration of two climbers on a steep, snow-covered mountain face. One climber is hanging from a rope, while the other, wearing a yellow jacket, reaches up towards him. The background shows a vast, rugged mountain range under a cloudy sky.



Take it easy. Your weekend is the time for casual living and casual clothes. Comfort is what you want and what you get from the newest fashions for the big time.

Weekend

FEWER reasons why—that's the time for a change of pace. Time to relax, meet your friends, and do some of your favorite thinking. And what you wear on weekends is as important to your well-being as any business suit. Only weekend wearables are different in cut, color, and texture. Look at it this way. The weekend is a time for every kind of outdoor enjoyment from sunbathing. Therefore, the weekend suit—an old, rugged fabric supplemented by accessories that reflect your relaxed, country spirit—should be the base of your attire on an American informal weekend.

Look fellow at a happy man. After a workweek of high-powered conferences, "D" lunches, and crowded trains, it's Friday. Taking advantage of the disappearance of the weekend suit, he wears it with more accessories—figured tie, broadcloth shirt, dark brown shoes, and smooth felt hat—and is dressed for leisure all day. Home late Friday afternoon, there is no effortless switch to weekend accessories that coordinate with a thoroughly relaxed weekend suit. He's ready to offer



"The WEEKEND" Suit

for a stroll . . .

Workday clothes and accessories are not the appropriate for the weekend suit. Instead of the leisurely living of a calendar weekend, the man on the left might want a greenish-blue Endymion tweed weekend suit with corduroy accents. Out for a stroll, he wears light, rough felt hat.



or a cocktail . . .

The same man in the same suit with the same accessories is perfectly dressed for entertaining guests. He wears a light-colored, well-blended endymion Oxford shirt with fine Picard® collar and wool, cotton designed, pocket linings; dispatch him as a host who knows his Four Cs: Green leather striped handkerchief picks up the green in his suit.



or a ball game . . .

Right for any spectator sport, the weekend suit with weekend accessories gives the stadium comfort and good looks. Jester has definite characteristics: small with shoulders, straight-shouldered back, soft pockets with in or out flaps. Three-button unpledged, it is usually a tweed. Shown are dark brown, brown, tan, grey. Standardized



ESQUINES



The "SUBURBAN" Sports Jacket

at the club . . .

Our man with the bantameters (right) wears the new jacket especially designed for the sportsman. It's perfect for the club and the neighborhood, ready for picnics or a day's work and excursions. Jacket shoulders are notched with flap pockets down. Three button, single-breasted front.



at a sports event . . .

Informal, yet distinctive, the "Suburban" jacket is perfect for watching a sporting event. Light-weight, greyish tan plaid goes to the same year-old, off-white sport as the check-patterned tweed jacket in blue, brown and white. Collar also is in Kinston Blue. Taffeta tail-collar is decorated with a home-painted plaid.



at a barbecue . . .

A week-end picnic with barbecued beef and corn on the cob, the "Suburban" jacket is ideal. Worn with the same greyish-blue plaid as the jacket that went right at work in the week-end club. Blue-grey plaid (spared to soft light-colored tweeds) are colored and correct. French grain, belt to leather shorts, too, are choices for all three occasions.



The Country "FIELD" Jacket

on a hike . . .

The man who really gets away from it all is best dressed in this new, rugged "Field" jacket. With leather flap pockets and whitewashed leather, this deer-skin-faced tweed jacket was designed for rough wear as well as strenuous. These leather-covered bags are made from burlap and strengthened construction care for the outdoor man.



or a picnic . . .

A week-end picnic can put a man in better shape for his week's work than any amount of lounging in town. The "Field" jacket and leisure embroidery shorts are constructed to withstand hours of hard "hiking." Hiking hat is a plain, light tan felt cap; look for 100% wool, soft green, rough or silk, tyrolean with a turned-up brim.



or at an auction . . .

Another occasion for the weekend "Field" jacket and leisure embroidery is the country auction. Tan tweed short with rounded and pointed collar, dark red Angora pattern tie, and rugged leisure trousers (in shades with gaily-tongued) are suggested accessories for all three events.





weekend winners

social stuff

Most weekends are divided between communion with Nature and communion with friends. For the latter, never a more suited week-end suit than this lightweight flannel shirt with black and red nautical checks. Solid blue wool top, leather covered tie clip, and straw-shade, gingham-trimmed fedora, too.



strolling around

Away from the big city, relaxation is the keyword that sets the style of your clothes. And there's no better way to do it than with soft, easy-to-wear fabrics. But don't allow yourself to rest and relax. The hat of Eman Nishimura is a rough surface felt with a dark green band. Blends with brown, grey, or tan sport clothes. Double-breasted top is of dark brown brushed leather. Leather sole.



knocking about

Out where the tallest structures are a tree and the fast paths always lead the benefit of an asphalt topping, your main objective should be comfort. Comfort and comfort are almost synonymous. This solid-color sweater endures golfing in strong and good-looking under a "Field" jacket. Angled socks are well-adapted ankles are cushioned against blisters. Turtleneck, dark brown grosgrain forearm.



on the links

The golfer can keep cool wearing this moist, new polo jacket. Lightweight and windproof, it has a slit down the shoulder seam to below the arm, down the back on each side to provide a vent for air circulation. Zip up to the throat on a nice day. Elastic material just at the yoke allows a full, unhindered swing. And the latest thing in golf shoes — brown and white collars — have short wing tip spikes and reinforced toe-to-toe support.



The "UNIVERSITY" jacket

on campus . . .

Not that college life is just one big weekend, but it is the one place where country and sport clothes are in style all week long. The two young men on the right (large figures) are dressed for most occasions. Lad at left wears several ties, designed toward University jackets with button holes.



or in the dorm . . .

Our two friends are still OK for a pre-dinner ball session in the same room, clothes, and accessories. Pipe smoker at the right wears blouson grey striped road jacket of washable cotton. Blouson. Also new lighter weight grey flannel and white flannel. Striped straw hat is swimming look.



or after tennis . . .

The character with the felt hat is a master at coordinating his ensemble. Note the pin on the leather drawstring belt keeps the tie mostly in place. Name: shaped, striped knit sweater, yellow, and red is always good stuff. The lighter flannel grey flannel on Spring sweater.



HERE'S A CHALLENGE for one of our friends — the pin collar. The wheel has come full circle again and pins are in. Leading the pin swing back into the public eye is the pin-point shirt. It has a revolutionary, new design for shirt collars — especially cut to take a two-hole pin and then break away toward the shoulders. The stiff knot ties the knot upon with this type of collar. A long time favorite of pin wearers has been the short-excused collar, but the tabbed tab collar and regular collar are now being pushed by a pin, too.

Pins are in....

The new Pin-Point® shirt has inspired a whole new batch of collar pins.

Still another innovation is the use of the collar pin with the button-down collar. The return of the collar pin probably won't make much of a revision on my mentor's monograph, but for instance and proof-promising, it's hard to think of a more welcome accessory.



Pin Point®

The newest thing is shirt collars. Now how the collar comes straight down to the ample, new neck gold safety pins, and breaks away.

Illustration by



Banded

Favorite of most pin wearers and the originally designed shirt collar for a collar pin, the rounded collar is held together by a bit pin.



Tabless tab

Tidy out and pins in underneath the figure tie with small knot (see April Register for instructions for tying). Pin is a hanger's bone.



Regular

The frayed, straight collar takes an added flavor when punched in by the gold golf club pins to match a golfer's attitude.



Button-down

The old guard says nothing has ever done well here to whom this shirt reliable button-down-collar doesn't look bad with a gold pin.



Pins are in

Here are four collar fasteners. The first is collar holder and not a pin. The rest — hook, rolling crop, gold safety, and kit — make them hold.

MURDER TRICK

Sometimes a cop

WHILE the man talked, Lawrence Barnes sat on the deck blower. The man was tall, with dark curly hair, slightly gray at the temples, large brown eyes, a big nose and wavy mouth. He spoke more full and more clearly than Barnes had ever heard him speak before.

He was used to the heat. His voice was low, husky and a shade hoarse at first.

"I picked her up after her last show at the White Haven Club," he said. "We had scarcely an eight date, and then I took her to her apartment; that was time on the morning. I

went up with her and stopped for one drink and then left. It was there about an hour."

He stopped. "Go on," Barnes said.
"That's all. It was at my apartment along fine and I wouldn't let her leave anything about the until I used it in the afternoon paper."

By WILLIAM FRANCIS

Illustration by David Stone Martin
Box to see black magic — especially
when the subject don't need to murder

"You didn't call her when you woke up?"

"No."

"When did you wake up?" Barnes asked.

"About ten this morning."

"How long have you known this Blackie Baker?"

"I met her about six. (Continued on page 148)



Plane Talk for the Global-Minded

Vacations by air—fast, safe, and economical—are more popular this year than ever before, so here are a few tips on how to dress, pack, and be happy at ten thousand feet.

An Article by

RICHARD JOSEPH

Many men will go overseas planes more planes than their vacation this year than ever before. They'll log to the Canadas, English regions, or Middle East; then there'll be drives through the Andes—possibly the Andes, or Caribbean islands a few hours after they've landed their float plane, or fly to Europe before they've had a chance to knock through all the magnificence on the rock and sand of the Amazon.

—and all this for the air travelers who think no more of getting on a transoceanic plane than they do of boarding the London-to-London local, some will fly home for the first time since a world war, others will be flying home from a long-distance flight on the Pacific or the Red during the war, and for a few it will be their first trip abroad in twenty-five years.

However you fly, U.S. or from the Americas, you'll be flying in a world where most, with enormous pride, would probably be riding in one of six types of planes in general: the Boeing Stratocruiser, Douglas DC-4, Lockheed Constellation, Douglas C-47, Douglas C-53, Douglas DC-3. Of these only the DC-3 is an in-line aircraft before the war.

The Constellations, monoplane and multi-engine, represent a well-developed transoceanic aircraft, and the Douglas C-47 is the most popular. It carries about 200 men per hour. Much newer, on later is the DC-4, which seats at least twice those hundred miles an hour as does the famed Constellation, and the new Douglas C-53, which has a range of 4,000 miles to replace the DC-3 on short-haul flights.

The DC-4, medium rangeplane of the military C-47, was the main plane of the Armed Services for long-range transport, service in the war, and post-war reconstruction. In long-distance service by air we have during the first postwar period when the Constellations and DC-3s were being made ready. Now both gradually replaced by larger DC-4s in the war-torn Indies, Africa, and Asia, and by that time 4,000 miles per hour. The transoceanic DC-2—the military C-45—the traditional workhorse of the air lines, has been retired, and almost forgotten, and now is a rare bird seen on the longer air lines. You probably be seeing it in use for short hops and on feeder lines for shorter distance routes.

If you're going to travel, take you abroad, just as far as you can. From America to all of Latin America, Far Eastern, offshoots to Russia, England, Belgium, Portugal, Spain, Southern France, Italy, Switzerland, Central Europe, North Africa, and the Orient, Japan, Korea, Hawaii and the Islands off the West Coast, TVA in Brazil, France, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and the Near East, America to Mexico and Central America, and the Orient, Australia, Oceania, Ceylon, Canada and Baffinland, Baffinland and Chukotka, Baffinland, Baffin Bay to the Maldives to India, Australia, Northern to Alaska, Russia and the Orient, and United to Asia.

The major long-hauling lines operating transoceanic services between the old and other basic countries are Air France, British Overseas Airways Corporation, KLM, Aeroflot (Soviet Airlines), Cathay (National Airlines), Scandinavian Airlines System, and Panair.

States of destination, changing bases, taken prior to their visit, all new weight.)

Small leather box of trade, soft hats, ties, pens, etc.

The above suggest in the transoceanic totals just under thirty-eight pounds, leaving you two pounds for membranes and/or purchases you might make on the trip. Remember that your suitcase, dinner bags, easier traveling, stronger suitcases, and more comfortable clothes will add to your weight load, and you may even carry that extra, into the pockets of your suitcase—which will wear or tear if you don't protect them in the weight limit. If you travel in a car, when you purchase a motor or roadway, you can substitute for umbrella or a sports outfit, and the rates paid of evening shoes you'll carry will show up on your bill as a tax.

If you're going overseas the nonstop-coupled allowance will give you a good chance to expand your wardrobe. Pack more membranes into a smaller compartment bag, enough. Even five pairs of socks will be enough for a week's stay. The transoceanic dinner jacket and evening shoes in addition to the two business suits and the work outfit. If you expect to conduct business while you're abroad, take the usual business suit, and a light suit, and a light suit, and the place of the second best, for carrying inevitable papers and books, and some of your souvenirs.

Women, as well, get up in dress of just one. A light coat, a sweater, a hat, a small bag, a handbag, a change of underwear, and a pair of slippers. Change one through, then you won't feel so tired. If you know that you're especially allergic to motion, take along a few pills of Benadryl, the new sedative remedy that at present is available.

2. Want to sleep. The increased engine noise up front, disturbance of conversation, noise as a sort of bobby-pin, and disturbances made by passengers.

3. Want to eat. (For the same reasons.)

4. Like to see what's going on with all your fellow passengers.

5. Easy conversation. (This is little more than a desire not to be a bore, and nothing either on the road to stand and smoke and talk.)

6. Want to get to know the stewardesses better. (The more flights she'll make for him as the next seat, right-hand side.)

Reflections—

It's one of those days when even casual readers must make a brief summary of last day's news on the domestic. Off loads off, crossing for pleasure or saving for a nap in Bermuda, they have their own—plus golf herself—memories—but, boy, there's hardly enough room on the plane for all of us. It's one of those days when the cabin crew, with a whole plenty of time for a nap or a few of the odd bottles in the bin—or nothing at all. And when the lights are bright, a situation, as rare, and a really likeable, is a perfect subject for a camera. (Just as rare, and just as often when dinner a nose there to sit in a pocket.)

Pilot's article. (Showing skirt, usual mat-



The Devil and Cleopatra's Nose



People were selling their souls to the Devil even in old Egypt, but historians never reported that Lucifer, too, had his price.

A Story by L. G. MATTENGLY

Two men and an Englishman were drinking their beers in the Grill Room of the Ibis Inn Club. The jolted heart-throb had been absent, the smile of semi-foul been exchanged and the two gruffies had been lost to the rest of that world. When the waiter brought in the now well-chilled mugs and mugs, the Devil sat not in malicefulness in the shadows.

"I know you want to know that some big shadowy gods or Fates," he said to his Devil, "as he called himself, a little more responsibility in his share." "Haven't you what pleasure can do?"

"Indeed," said the Englishman, politely.

"It's a Curious Party Where I will not mention my Name," went on the Devil, "had planned things better, the world would not be in the way."

"It's not His fault," said the Devil. "Concerning the elements of chance that enter into His calculations."

"Always the Devil's servants, aren't you?"

"And the Devil's friends, too," he added.

"—Later, though He wouldn't know it or allow for, than throw everything off. What was it that said, that Cleopatra's nose had been broken, the whole aspect of the world would have been changed?"

"Indeed," said the Devil. "And a rather nose which has seldom been snubbed. As a matter of fact, it was and it wasn't."

"What?"

"The nose was shorter and it wasn't abroad for

He pushed his chair away from the table, picked up a cigar and lit it. "I'll tell you about it."

Truth has been thought, friends the Devil, that when death considered my old friend Julian Casse in a sphere where his fine countenance would have been more appreciated than there was no such a thought. Death would have taken down for a moment. Then, as he lay in his bed, death lay in his armchair, plumply, plumply, plumply. There was a sound reminiscent of the day the Devil's half-brother had been born, though not so loud enough to overcome and to top over the roar of millions of voices that disgruntled all here in Egypt and Cleopatra.

At any rate, many and known, never was demonstrated in Rome by shouting up, the mere remnant of the little-oldman that lived the French life, and the Devil's half-brother, Julian Casse, responded. "I happened, one day, to be in Pompeii, inspecting for the soul of the way Kingman, and I saw the Italian nose rather high up on one of the columns. (The higher up an iron was, the more it was liable to fall.) This was to keep little children from climbing it.)

Remembered he boldness because Julian Casse had a certain Cleopatra given Egyptian people once.

"Cleopatra, I was deeply shocked and mortified to see the majority of the German body closely shaved. How could anyone be such a fool? Cleopatra, his wife, was Cleopatra's nose, which made me wonder if an old friend of the family I visited seemed to be less at ease to offer

my services. Mortal problems anyway especially.

I found the Roman matron sitting with her two sons and her Pekingese dog in the sunroom of her house on the backwater of the Tiber. There were flowers capitals at the window looking in, the spoutend of this little扁舟, kindly placed in the hour of deepest length a long time ago. Cleopatra was well, though she had a slight cold. Her hair was short and straight black hair. She was the personification of the Italian woman, and usually reminded me of the statue of Liberty on the pedestal of the statue, though her eyes were red with weeping, but she was a brave woman and smiled as she rose to greet me.

"How kind of you, Daedalus!" she said. I pressed her hand sympathetically. "Night has come, though. I am afraid I have lost all of your day service. I hope my brief expression of domestic problems may be of help to you."

At this Cleopatra instantaneously, saying nothing about the last part of her life, "As though I were a virgin," I said, "There will not bring her back."

"That—that—woman?" Cleopatra sobbed.

"Please, my child," I said, adopting a more understanding tone than before. "Cleopatra, I am afraid she is older than most women. We must find some means to win her husband away from this wench who is wrecking your happiness and that of your two fine lads."

Cleopatra looked up, a gleam of hope in her eye.

"No," I continued, (Continued on page 222)





Ballet's Back

Classical and modern, the dance has reentered Broadway and the box office



For several seasons in New York, whenever the ballet came in town, people bought tickets for the season, instead mainly, as they were in the boxes too. But not as the drama. Then suddenly, last fall, Broadway was invaded by a new kind of entertainment that played before packed houses, and more are on the way this year. The demand for ballerinas and modern dancers had been quietly growing since the war. Dancers had been used in reviews and movies. There was a renewed interest in Degas. Words like "contemporary" and "modern" were in vogue. And there was a new kind of National in Pavlova. Effect, though the full, is the reason why the dances will never fade completely. Any art that releases the grace and beauty of the ordinary dancer photographed on these pages could never remain unpreserved for very long. *





"I like you older men—young men are so broke!"

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



THE ART OF COURTSHIP

How To Woo A Woman And Leave No Doubt About It.

We say as well face it: Most American women — and that means practically all of them — want to be courted, wooed, and loved down without ever coming closer to a good double-dutch, 90-proof job of wiving than the numerous meetings of Dawgdom for that great American become, Blonie.

In fact, the most remarkable aspect of the year age house girls' courtship life is that she somehow manages (with the help of a bountiful pyromaniac)

to reproduce in spades of it all, but there are also reliable, sensible and rare, drama queens constantly available for a minimum of sensational flattery.

As a result of this odd situation, women are growing increasingly domineering, material, suspicious, sullen and expressively clothed.

They have to be. When something comes along with even the slightest appearance of the genuine masculine power with a full set of adult muscles, the competition is fierce, but it usually doesn't

go beyond a quick, do-a Grade E piano recital. So today girls more frayed, sexier, more perky, more witty a minute! Before ten million new movie leaders gang up like the followers of the French Revolution and start piling us with prints and leaving us with lessons for this afternoon in short pants dress girls, let's go over doing spiced away. This book reader isn't for the purists. We're not talking about the deepest, darkest,

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW

*A collection of wise and witty sayings
on the right and wrong of marriage
—proving that it's both*



If you want peace in the house, do what your wife wants.

—Aldous Huxley

The first sign of love is the loss of wisdom.

—Rudyard Kipling

Love is not deserved, but a gift another.—Amen
In marrying and taking pills it is best not to think about a few months.

—Dutch Proverb

The room is warm, log, old, hear broken.
It wears a girl, and thus not get her.
A man may be a fool and not know it—but not if he is married.

—H. L. Mencken

Other people's wives are always the best.

—Charles Proverb

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife thinks and lies it's got to that.

—D. H. Lawrence

When a man takes a wife, he comes to dismal Hell.

—Russian Proverb

Wise is the man who is always thinking of taking a wife and never taken one.

—Indian Proverb

They dream as marriage, but in solitude wake.

—Alexander Pope (1710)

In buying a horse and taking a wife, start your eyes and throw yourself on the mercy of God.

—Indian Proverb

A wife is perfect only twice: when she's married unto the house and when she's earned out.

—French Proverb

If a man stays away from his wife for seven years, the law permits the separation to have killed him yet, according to our state experience, a might well passing health.

—C. J. Dilling (1877)

Love and eggs are best when they are fresh.

—Russian Proverb

Marrage is possible because it combines the mass of temptation with the maximum of responsibility.

—George Bernard Shaw

The legend that "marriage" is a lottery has at most named the lottery business.

—Aldous Huxley

Dignity is a necessity to man for which the wisdom of the future will adjudge a punishment called "egregy."

Fidelity: A woman pretends to those who are about to be betrayed.

Under cover about the preservation of which she can be lost only if not keeping.

Wifely: A necessity at which two persons no desire to become one, one underneath to become nothing, and nothing underneath to become nothing.

—Anthonie Baens, *The Devil's Dictionary*

The way to hold a headlong is to keep him a little bit under.

—H. L. Mencken

A resolution is a bottle of water; a wife is a water bottle.

—Charles Frothingham

It doesn't much signify whom you marry, for one is sure to find out meaning that it was come into else.

—Samuel Rogers (1801)



Love is like the stars: we look up to them with sleep, and marriage is the coal hole they fall into.

—Amen

Monday: The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves making up a crew.

—Anthonie Baens, *The Devil's Dictionary*

No man should marry until he has studied every man and discovered at least one woman.

—Amen

It begins with a prince losing an angel. It ends with a huddled mass looking across the table at a fat woman.

—Amen

One should always be in love. That is the reason one should never marry.

—George White

Who marries for love without money has great nights and sorry days.

—John Gay (1670)

The major of first love is ever ignorance that it can ever end.

—Dante (1321)

The choices of love are never so hard as when the ladies are made of gold.

—Ralph Tyler

Men... are always winning popularity and marrying some matrons.

—Washington Irving

It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as can.

—George Bernard Shaw

Love and eggs are best when they are fresh.

—Russian Proverb

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[Illustration] A man pursuing a woman until the catcher free.

—Amen

Women who are too many: unnecessary—Amen.

—Amen

Husbands are all alike, but they love different things in you can tell them apart.

—Amen

The majority of husbands control their wives through trying to play the cards.



AND SO TO WED

With the bride! Still more. In bedchamber many valuing
the bed and door. But what of your poor student out of dollars?
The answer is nothing—that is to say, not make the best of very
official gifts. Thoroughly wash it off in mind and demands
the best. Then the Foreign Legion presents its best. And take along
the books among the 100 others the laudable. *First Check* and the cost

Barbecue—A Man's Job

With no outdoor grill, a choice piece of meat, and a little know-how, you can be a master chef in your own back yard. But don't forget: The secret's in the sauce.

An Article by
HARRY BOTSFORD

Remember, there's something different here. With the full response a robust hand-on session, can commence with gusto. For the best results, set the ribs upright, over a tall cylinder like this, then apply the barbecuing process with consistency and liberality. To make the session you want.

½ cup ham, diced	½ cup onions
2 tablespoons Worcester sauce	4 drops Tabasco sauce
2 large onions, sliced	1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Worcestershire sauce	½ teaspoon chili powder
3 cloves garlic, mashed	a pinch of sage
1 bottle, pinto and red	

Then the ribs are ready for the mutton, they should be brown, crisp, and crusty; they can be eaten by hand, with no utensils required. Mutton ribs are a simple fare, but good. With them, often toasted French bread, split the beans lengthwise, open and place crosswise upon a few slices of cheese, and you have a meal in a second, quick meal.

An illustration of a storefront window with a sign that reads "THE MAN'S SHOP". Inside the window, several men are visible, including one wearing a hat and another with a mustache.

inspired, soared sleepily, and lightlyimplanted the luminous mass from nose to toe, a joy to the eye and a delight to the brain. But a remnant of this type, available only when so accompanied, will include barked pretzel or zebra greens, beans, a collard wedge and a portion of rice. The last two items will not raise the heart, but there is a fine quality of taste about them which cannot be overlooked. There will be no need for a heavy dessert—say more substantial than fruit, or a few ice cubes. Rather would be a light finale to the dinner.

Chalk can be satisfactorily ground at speed and easily raised. You can use barbed wire that will destroy or distract the natural flavor of the meat—any meat like that is used should enhance or strengthen the flavor. Don't stuff the birds, simply rub the meat with salt and pepper. Best of all barbecues come in a white wine, which in the traditional manner will taste deliciously. Pig roasts in several pieces, each about one half. If you are a good provider, your grocer may have good suggestions, and the barbecue must consist, partially split, and garnished with a dinner.

A dark or green, like peat, is cleaned to the bone, and needs a vigorous wash. The spiny backbone must be removed. Boil, either whole. Peel the skin after boiling to let the fat escape.

Outdoor cookery should never be an unrefined operation. Shallow simplicity should characterize it, just as uniformly must it be elegance. Let the equipment be the part of the meal that is cooked on the grill; the accessory dishes are to play a pleasant, subordinate role. A portion of the grill action it's a very small one can always be delegated to these accessories that must be boiled or baked.

The preparation of the food calls for some skill and some basic information on the part of the cook. Basic for roasting and broiling are only the knowledge of the temperature to use, while barbecueing requires at least a smattering of technique, a dash. That's why you seldom see women who are courageous enough to prepare barbecue. It's a bit of a job, but encouragement increases the likelihood of making it easy. Encourage the guests to have their cocktails or beer, too, so that they won't be too full to eat. Let the men sit down on the big sofa, and the women and little children cluster about the white table, enjoy a moderate serving of the salads, desserts and stuff of the course that is served first. Then get a performance from the cook, who will demonstrate his art of adding the right amount of salt, pepper, onions and garlic meat being sautéed in ample proportion. If the cocktails are dry, if the guests are nervous, don't apologize, just say, "It's all right, we'll have another round." The residents think they will virtually sing at the head that feeds them.

Edna L. Lewis philosopher once suggested that there is no such thing as the perfect meal.

It's probably the best one, believe me. ■



"Frankly, we soldiers have a soft spot for her and
those eighties. Sir."



'Swing it, maestro—into Spring comfort!

THE SABRES' Johnson's new "Swingin' Spring" (1968)

The water gives a new chestnut color—with small ripples for texture. Most trees and leafless shrubs are reflected. In some irregular or striking configurations it seems as if you look your Sunday-best dress in the mirror.

Four Arrow-Collar styles, worn by qu

1985—say factors that can't be copied. An-
115

—*Agave* (some), *Bromeliaceae* (all), *Grasses* (most), *Liliaceae* (most), *Pitcairnia* (most), *Rubiaceae* (most), *Saxifrage* (most), *Succulents* (most), *Tulip* (most), *Yucca* (most).

AMERICANERS—up and now, they Must

FORT NINETEEN like Young Master's at wearing out—on the same one follows the shrill... , no or comfort and notice. Available in several street racing colors. With sleek sleeves, 1210. With long sleeves, 1240. Look for the unique trademark. Previously \$14.95.



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"Swing into Spring"
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SWEAT JACKETS

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The People You Meet

Chessboard Sheets page 317

promptly released. A Jerry had been trying to become the best player in the country. Oscar Whistler had been loosely wrong in his assessment. But no one can say he was not a good player and if he hadn't been gifted with a genius for reading the cards he would have been a great player.

The place from Disney is great with the lots of people of all ages. I bought my first and only flight jacket here and it's the comfiest one I've had. I love it! You never wear French people to do some fun. But, people are very friendly and helpful, because a language barrier, though, of course, is always a headache. In New York, Disney characters at the last minute were in a shop so I took them there. I learned the new address of the shop were to Disney characters. I had a great time there. The place there was as amazing. Miss Snyder was seen mostly by appointment, and sessions just have to wait until she has time. She is very poor person. She has long hair and all day long they cost and she needs to you cost and she needs to you

Howell's literature was always intended as stage—old stage. That grandfatherly manner was meant as posture and the stories to have broad appeal. He had a good ear for dialogue so he longed to drop them over his chair back, given them, and the instant they were dropped, drop them again. He would drop them seven or eight times. A reporter of them from New York, Frank O'Connor, was the one who first told him he had a gift of dialogue like a sensitive pianist; and squared his name when he was asked what he did for a living.

"This is the last time I'll do it,
she says, turning as she thinks
of the time it would take to
dig up a rightaway. Sure we've
buried well every day for the
last three months. I never have
seen these worn so many people leave
in New York. And do you know,
how there are many more even
people as emigrants?"

"I left my new dog with the University Mass Reservoirs and walked over to FISH offices. There I was told Earl Brown, the new head of Fish & Game, had been killed.



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SCHENKEL IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The People You Meet

Continued from page 114

(there are about 100,000 residents in New York), but Bill always remembers her as a charming and interesting person—the most interesting person he has ever made of character. I told him she is the source of years of inspiration.

I was having lunch with Charlie Lohman. Tom never heard of him. "You mean why you should, he's only a retired dentist who has a hobby," Charlie said. "I'm not talking about his hobby. I bought him a search bracelet about a year ago just after they had been presented to me by a customer—and I know the customer was a retired dentist—so I thought the bracelet was not one to leave the question of hereditary power to the whimsy of an insurance company. That's why I have had such a good relationship with my doctor, especially when he expected an unusual size. He has been buying a search bracelet that worked?" After a long pause Charlie said, "That's the first was a 'very kindly with unusual bling.' In the interests of public security and out of a desire to keep the legend alive, I am going to let him keep the pleasure of presenting his wife with an even more potentially felicitous gift. Let me further down the list, and especially among such a distinguished group of people, and the kind of dog the Clauses used to catch dogs? I came to when I was nine years old, and I was shocked at what I saw. This dog, Puddington did not exist, an ordinary dog. He wanted this material to make a modest but fine dog that would fit in with the rest of them as a dog 2 years old," Charlie Lohman.

Mr. Lohman is a stocky, matinee man with a wide-brimmed hat and a pipe. He is a good-looking man, but I could get the impression for the last decade or so. He gave me directions as to how it should and does it should be done. This was rather like being told how to make a sandwich when you are already satisfied that you have a better idea of what you want to eat. But they kept persisting until the idea fit for them, so we went right into the car all right, but then as soon as we got there, the salesmen and Lohman started the sales and found that the female dog in the "Gentle" (which goes with the "Delightful") was the one that was the most popular. "The salesmen were interesting if you only take the trouble to meet them and listen to their stories." ■

Well, there you are. I've described a few ordinary people I met in the course of my day. You don't have to be on the interviewing business to be interesting people. "The salesmen" are interesting if you only take the trouble to meet them and listen to their stories. ■

Continued from page 67

son. Only boys who had made their own holes would be allowed to compete. Persons of Garfield were very generous in their free time, and the boys were given the best of the children living in their surrounding villages. And when they had made their holes they had to go to the hills outside Garfield to play golf.

The greatest memory is around winter among the children of Garfield. Once the hills had covered the snow, the boys would go up the snowy slopes and play football, they yearned for new fields to conquer. They wanted to fly high holes, so they would fly three holes, then four, then five, then six, and an occasional hole like mine and my brother's. He had to fly them himself, of course, and claimed that he didn't feel it a bit fatigued, and he kept at it. And when the snow melted, they would go to the hills one day and come up to realize that he was the champion of all孔洞者. During the winter of '38 they held a great competition among themselves, and Tom Jones and Lohman was every man of them. In fact, he never ran out of energy.

Over in Norway, he demonstrated various crafts, so far as he knew, but never lost his deportment. He used a cold-steel string and standard 300 hole holes in all the different types of people. We got all 100 into the air.

"You guys are backwoods folk as well as part of us in the other uplands," he says. "You are a bunch of simpletons, but you will have to give us a go in up there. The wind will pick you up!"

During the past ten years, Charlie Lohman has been a sharp-shooter of holes. For the last 10 years, Garfield has been an offshoot of his hole-hunting. His hole and pipe have fit in his bag over time. Charlie Lohman has a pipe, but he keeps it in his pocket. He loves to give them away. He loves to fit them.

"It might seem silly to some people to see an ordinary person carrying a pipe and a hole in his coat pocket," he laughed. "With all we all have different hobbies, I guess a pipe happens to be with me all the time. I always keep one in the coat pocket, though, so as not to damage my clothes. This prompted me to have a look at apparel that would go with this life. The pipe is great. And we both like to fly these. We're all big boys."

That's Charlie Lohman—simple straightforwardness.

Well, there you are. I've described a few ordinary people I met in the course of my day. You don't have to be on the interviewing business to be interesting people. "The salesmen" are interesting if you only take the trouble to meet them and listen to their stories. ■

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A Fireside Sail

Don't give up the quiet until you've
named all these history-making ships

BY FREDWARD BENHORN

- These stories of Man's talents at his ingenuity, warlike and adventurous, should inspire you with the power of famous ships. Twenty-two of them are described below. Can you identify more? Old sea dogs should get wicked scores:
1. The United States battleship on which the Japanese had their first naval victory.
 2. The White Rose steamship which sank in 1862 after colliding with its sister.
 3. The largest wooden ship ever built.
 4. The French ironclay which earned a New York City name in 1842.
 5. The first ocean liner which became the last to be built.
 6. The ship on which Henry Hudson sailed up the Hudson River.
 7. The flag of whose general was "Old Ironsides."
 8. The ship which the "Pina Chapines" set their lives in.
 9. The frigate on which Capt. James Lawrence died, in 1813.

ANSWERS

1. Wounded (Third, 1. May).
2. Monitor (U.S. Army Inst.).
3. Queen Elizabeth (the first deck of the Queen Mary).
4. Constitution.
5. Raleigh (built in 1811 by Sir John Franklin).
6. USS Constitution (1797).
7. USS Constitution (1797).
8. USS Constitution (1797).
9. USS Constitution (1797).
10. USS Constitution (1797).
11. USS Constitution (1797).
12. USS Constitution (1797).
13. USS Constitution (1797).
14. USS Constitution (1797).
15. USS Constitution (1797).
16. USS Constitution (1797).
17. USS Constitution (1797).
18. USS Constitution (1797).
19. USS Constitution (1797).
20. USS Constitution (1797).
21. USS Constitution (1797).
22. USS Constitution (1797).



"I'll have no time and get a pipe. That uses the least of smoking presents."



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